

PRACTICAL FASHIONS AND PRIZE SUGGESTIONS FOR THE WOMAN AND THE HOUSEHOLD



THE RIFT WITHIN THE LUTE

By Ellen Adair

Can a Wife Be Too Domesticated?

THE little rift within the matrimonial lute is an affair that must be attended to pretty quickly, otherwise it will widen so much that the whole will be marred. And one of the most common rifts of all is the failure on the part of the wife to prove a real companion to her husband.

When a man marries a woman, he looks for something more than a good cook and a mender of his clothes and a general factotum around the house. He may and probably does want all of these things, but in addition he most assuredly desires companionship. And that is precisely where so many women fail altogether in the matrimonial game.

And the babies have to be put to bed and the mending done, and I always like to sew in the evenings. Then if the children should wake and want me, I like to be at hand. And if anything happened while I was out enjoying myself, I should never be happy again nor know another moment's peace."

"Nonsense!" was the brisk answer of the candid friend. "It is really of more importance that you please your husband and keep him interested in you than that you sit at home alone and worry yourself needlessly over all sorts of imaginary and quite absurd happenings that never will take place! When I think of you as you were a few years ago, and then look at you now, I'm not a scrap surprised that John prefers the club or the society of other people. For you've allowed yourself to become dull and unattractive, mentally as well as physically."

"But there's so much to do around the house," wailed the little wife, "and I have no time for lectures and books and music and the interesting outside things I used to care for." "But you have a perfectly capable maid, if you would only leave the poor girl a little more to her own devices," was the answer. "Why, you won't even trust her with the cooking of the dinner, but must hover around superintending everything, until she grows so nervous that she sometimes burns things out of sheer annoyance. The house and the children really can get along perfectly well for a few hours without you, dear! "If you would only make up your mind to brighten up a bit, dress better, talk better, take a normal interest in the happenings of the day, and be a real companion to your husband, then everything would be so much happier. Believe me, for I know."

The Daily Story

Peter's Best Trick

Peter's invitations to house parties and week-ends always wound up with the request, more or less thinly veiled, that he come prepared to do tricks.

He did not mind, as a rule, the prominence given his work, but he had more than half decided to send polite regrets to Mrs. Furbush when he learned that Ethel Percy would be one of the guests.

"Don't forget to bring your very best tricks," Mrs. Furbush wrote, "for we shall have private theatricals on Saturday evening, and they will come in very handy."

Peter thought of the scandalous fashion in which she had sought Edith Percy for Tom Furbush, and there was a hidden meaning in his polite assurance that he would have some new experiments for the delectation of Mrs. Furbush's guests.

Had it not been for Tom Furbush, he thought, he would already have been able to win a "yes" from Edith, but twice, when he had come on the verge of a proposal, Tom had lumbered around some corner with a sheepish grin to claim her for a dance or to deliver a message from his mother.

Peter firmly believed that Mrs. Furbush could feel him go into a conservatory or cozy corner with Edith. There would be an additional charm in winning Edith under that good lady's very nose.

That she should have tolerated him at her house party was not to be explained upon any other ground than that she needed him for entertainment, and, truth to tell, Mrs. Furbush waited long before she wrote the invitation while she weighed the question of her need.

Only the knowledge that Peter's tricks would probably save her performance led her to extend the invitation, and for the rest she had faith in her skill as a social general to keep Peter away from Edith.

That her confidence was not misplaced was easily apparent to poor Peter, who found himself blocked at every turn in his endeavor to steal a few minutes with Edith. So anxious was Mrs. Furbush to keep them apart that she made the grave error of throwing Tom and Edith together too much, and the girl was heartily sick of her boorish admirer long before the end of the week.

Peter smiled as he noticed these signs, and, to Mrs. Furbush's great delight, he spent several hours a day in his room practicing his tricks. It was her first party in the new house, and she wanted it to be talked about.

There were several tableaux, in which Edith and Tom frequently figured as lovers of history, and in these tableaux were dressing there were vocal and instrumental numbers.

At last Peter was announced, and as he stepped onto the platform, Edith, escorted by Tom, passed down the aisle to where front seats had been reserved for the participants in the performance.

In contrast with the amateurish work of those who had gone before, Peter's work was positively brilliant. There were tricks he had never tried before, and long before the end of his program his audience realized that he was working with some end in view.

For his last trick he had saved the ring boxes. Borrowing half a dozen rings in the audience, he ground them in a mortar, and then he reached the last box, within which lay five roses, to the stems of which rings were tied by ribbons.

These he quickly tossed to their owners and ran back to the stage. "That's all," he called, with an assumption of anxiety.

"You have not returned Miss Percy's ring," agreed Peter, then, then, I am positive Miss Percy has not her ring."



A PEARL TRIMMED SATIN GOWN

AROUND THE BARGAIN COUNTERS

Milady's Gloves, and Shoes for the Kiddies

MILADY'S gloves have taken a change for the better. The monopoly of black or white gloves has gone. Tan, pearl gray, sauterie, taupe and the many variations on these shades are just as fashionable this season as the conservative all-white or delicate black-and-white combinations of former seasons.

A very heavy all-white or all-black glove for the conservative woman is made in slip-on style, with a strap at the wrist. It is the last word in simple elegance. It also sells for \$1-just now.

The "Queen Elizabeth" glove has a narrow plaited ruffle surrounding the edge and extending to the clasp at the wrist. It comes in all-white, or black-and-white styles, and sells for \$1.

Play sandals for the kiddies are coming in for vacation or seashore wear, and sell from 85 cents to \$1.50 a pair, according to size.

A new play shoe for children is designed to support weak ankles, and to allow freedom to tender little feet as well. This is made of soft white canvas or suede, with hardened rubber soles. They sell for \$1.50 to \$2.75 a pair.

Real dressy patent leather pumps for dancing school or the children's party have one strap over the ankle, and sell for \$2-special.

At the same price are lovely pearl gray suede gloves, with self-colored silk braid or silk arrow stitching on the back. These are cooler than kid, and more durable than silk for the average woman. The price is \$1.

White and black silk gloves are extremely smart. A particularly striking style is made with a gauntlet top, flaring out like the bouffant line so popular this season. A deep V-shaped insert of

black on white, or white on black is used with this and black stitching on the back completes the effect. These are higher than the ordinary short glove, and the price in one shop is \$1.

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A SMART GIRL'S DIARY

A Pearl-Trimmed Evening Gown. The elaborate simplicity of the trim and the extreme plainness of the line shown in this frock are ideal for the slender figure. They accentuate the contours without betraying its immaturity.

Own Up. By the Business Girl. When you make a mistake own up! I don't merely mean—don't deny it or try to slide out of it when you're challenged with it. You wouldn't think of doing that.

Tomorrow's Menu. Breakfast: Uncooked Cereal and Cream, Hamburg Steak, Fried Potatoes, Rhubarb Rounds, Coffee.

It's the sauce that makes spaghetti good. The Italians know that—and long experience in cooking spaghetti has taught them the secret of making good sauces.

HEINZ Spaghetti. Its enticing flavor is made on the recipe of a famous Italian chef—by an Italian chef—in the immaculate Heinz kitchens.

Advertisement for Heinz Spaghetti, featuring a woman in a white dress and the text 'Fashionable White Fox' and '\$25'.

Choosing a School for Your Son or Daughter. It is a very difficult thing to do unless you have personally visited and investigated a large number.

Advertisement for Ledger Central, featuring a woman in a dress and the text 'Ledger Central' and 'Broad and Chestnut Streets Philadelphia'.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

The Oak Tree Fairies Move

UP IN the big oak tree where Mr. Bluey Blackbird went to live, there dwelt a family of tree fairies. Now perhaps you never saw tree fairies. They are quite the very hardest fairies to see of all the fairies in the whole world.

"You keep the sunbeams away till I am through my nap!" But, of course, the tree fairies couldn't do that, so Bluey Blackbird went on grubbing.

Then, as though that was not disagreeable enough, the next day it rained and Bluey Blackbird flew into an awful rage because the tree fairies wouldn't keep his nest dry!

In vain they sheltered him all they could with their gauzy wings.

Then the next day, when he began to scold because his nest was dry and dusty the tree fairies decided that they could stand him no longer.

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Now this particular family of tree fairies had lived for some years in the big oak tree. As the tree had grown, the family of fairies grew, too; for it takes many, many fairies to take care of one great tree you may be sure!

What do they do? Oh a thousand things! They spread the raindrops evenly over the whole tree—otherwise only the top would get a drink! They escort the sunbeams clear in to the leaves near the trunk—else how would the trunk and the leaves nearby see the sunbeams? And when Autumn and his paint box comes for a call, they help him color the leaves tints of gold and red and brown that you so admire. Oh, the tree fairies have very little time to play, but they love their work so dearly they don't care about play—which is the best way to be I assure you!

The fairies liked the old oak tree, for he was quiet and happy and tended to his own business just as they did to theirs—which is the best way for friends to do.

But this peace and happiness was before the arrival of Mr. Bluey Blackbird. Do you think for one minute that peace and comfort go along with him? Indeed they do not!

He had not lived in that oak tree two days, no not one, till trouble began to brew.

First he wanted the sunbeams kept away from his nest, said they hurt his eyes! The oak fairy queen explained patiently that she couldn't help it; the trunk at that place needed light for growing. "What do I care about its growing," grumbled Bluey Blackbird;



In vain they sheltered him all they could with their gauzy wings.

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TOWN OF FUNNY DREAMS

THE FUNNY FRUIT STORE By Bob Williams

Across the Street from Movie Hall Perseverance Polly kept A Funny Store where Apples smiled And Peas and Lemons wept.

They were kept on Shaky Shelves; O, some were like the Hubbard Squash, And some were like the Elives



That worked inside the Funny Shop Where Peaches always ran When Peter tried to purchase them— To take them Home to can!

The Water-Melons were the size Of Boston's Famous Beans; The grapes and Kumquats were as large As Moving Picture Scenes!

Baranias always sold themselves; Then jumped inside the Bags; While Melons, Plums and Apricots Would gallop round like Nags.

The Quinces in this Teasing Shop Were always very sweet, And Olive Oil was dry as Dust— And sweeter than a Beet.

Miss Alice Brown she struck the Town One evening after dark; She heard an Egg Plant yell, "I'm Blue!"

Then Rover's Muzzling Bark!

PRIZE SUGGESTIONS

For the following suggestions sent in by readers of the EVENING LEDGER, prizes of \$1 and 50 cents are awarded.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Anna S. White, 207 West Vrengate street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

Our newspapers, particularly the LEDGERS, are giving us pictures far too valuable to be thrown aside. I have found this an excellent way to make use of them and give much pleasure.

I cut out all pictures worth keeping, placing them in boxes devoted respectively to portraits, landscapes, buildings and interior decorations (the PUBLIC LEDGER, in its Sunday Pictorial Section, is giving us a fine series), animals, fashions, etc.

When time permits, I put these into scrap books. For the larger ones, particularly those of buildings, I make my own book from card wrapping paper, with decorated pasteboard covers. I made one containing the fashions, real and burlesque, during the "hobble" period; across the cover I pasted "Follies of 1913," taken from advertisement of a play of that name. This I sent to two shut-ins in the North Carolina mountains; they asserted that it gave them more pleasure than any other present Christmas brought them. Later it went to Florida, where it is now on record.

This would be delightful work for shut-ins; it would make a graceful present where money is lacking or originality required. It would cheer the heart of many a tot in the hospital.

EGG CONTEST IN DARBY

Present Champion Receives Eating Match Challenges.

Darby is all agog over the challenge of Morris Blanford, who achieved enviable notoriety two weeks ago by eating two dozen raw eggs in two minutes.

Wagner "Pop" Concert Tonight. Following is the program for the "Pop" concert at the Academy of Music, tonight:

Overture, "Die Meistersinger," from "Tannhauser." Elias Lyons Cook.

March from "Tannhauser." Leopold Lohmann.

Entrance of the Gods into Walhalla, from "Das Rheingold." Richard Wagner.

Advertisement for Frantz Premier Electric Cleaner, featuring a woman in a dress and the text 'Frantz Premier Electric Cleaner' and '\$25'.